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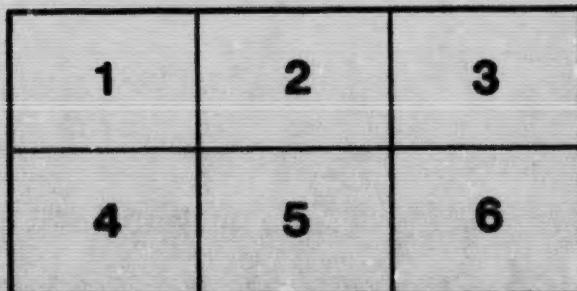
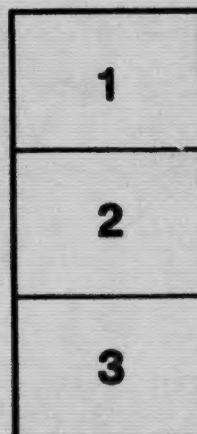
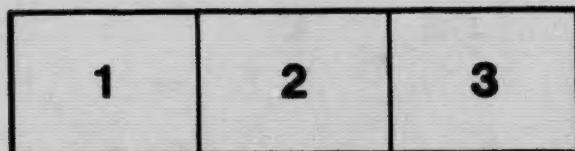
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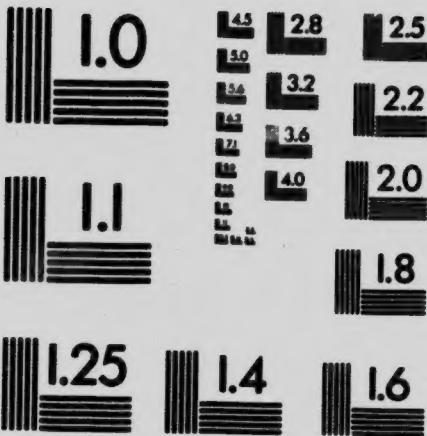
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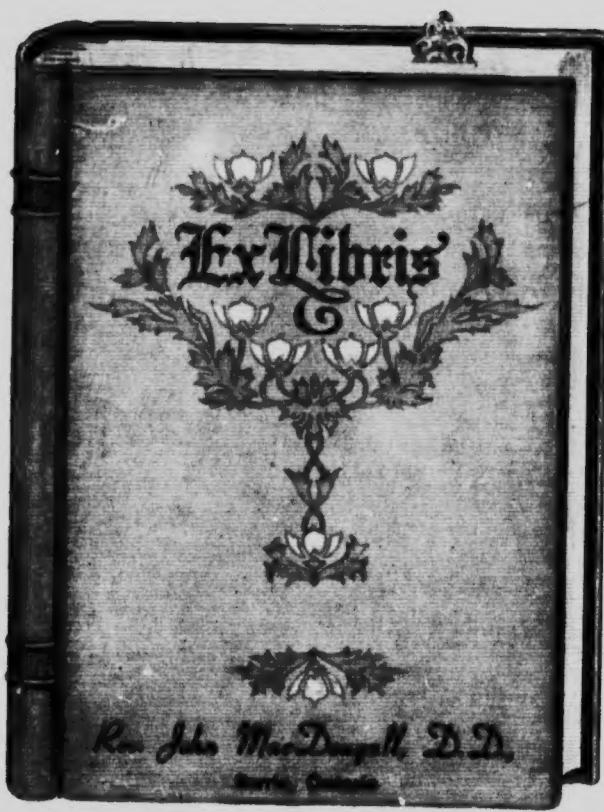
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Our Destiny and Other Poems

By

ERNEST J. BOWDEN



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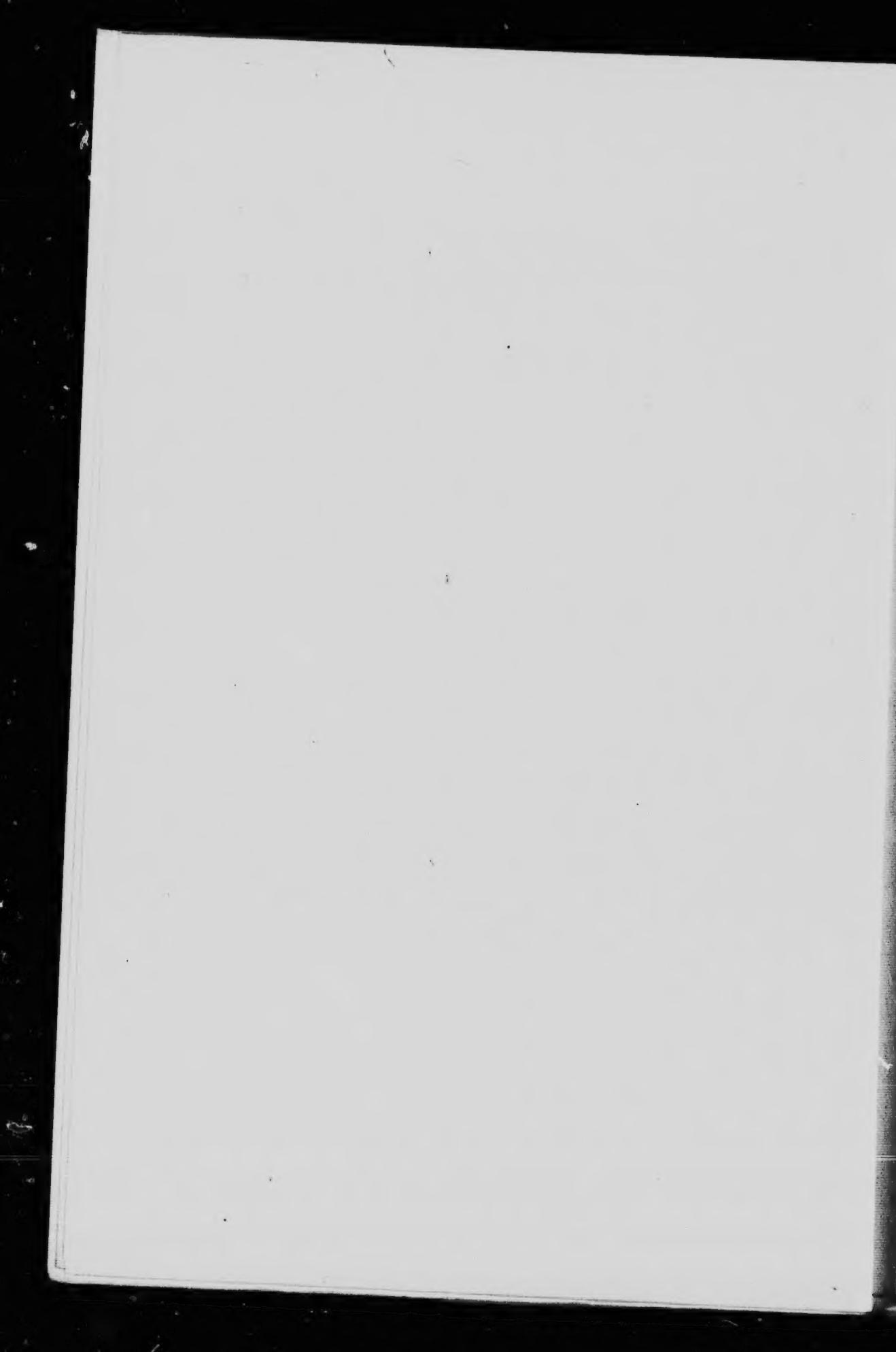
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DEDICATED

TO

My Father

**Whose earnest devotion to all things
noble and beautiful was the
inspiration of my boy-
hood days.**



PREFACE

I PUSH out my tiny raft of verse on the sea of public opinion. To me its waters are untried and uncertain; but I trust that the toilers of Canada, for whom I have written, will receive my work kindly.

ERNEST J. BOWDEN.

Duncans, Vancouver Island
Sept. 1st, 1911



CONTENTS

	PAGE
SUPPRESSED LIVES	9
OUR DESTINY	11
THE VOICE OF THE MIST	19
THE HEART'S CALL	24
DAYBREAK	27
THE LIVING WORD	29
THE MOUNTAINS	32
THE JUDGE	34
HEARTBROKEN	36
THE STOKERS	40
THE NATION-BUILDERS	42
THE VACATION	44
MRS. MCITTY	47
THE PIONEER	49
THE BOYS OF ENGLAND	53
THE LONE MUSICIAN	56
AH'-NA-NAH'	57
THE SINGING LESSON	62
LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST	65
THE SE-ETH	68
THE SHAKER DANCE	73
THE PIONEER MISSIONARIES	77
A ROMANCE OF THE WEST	78

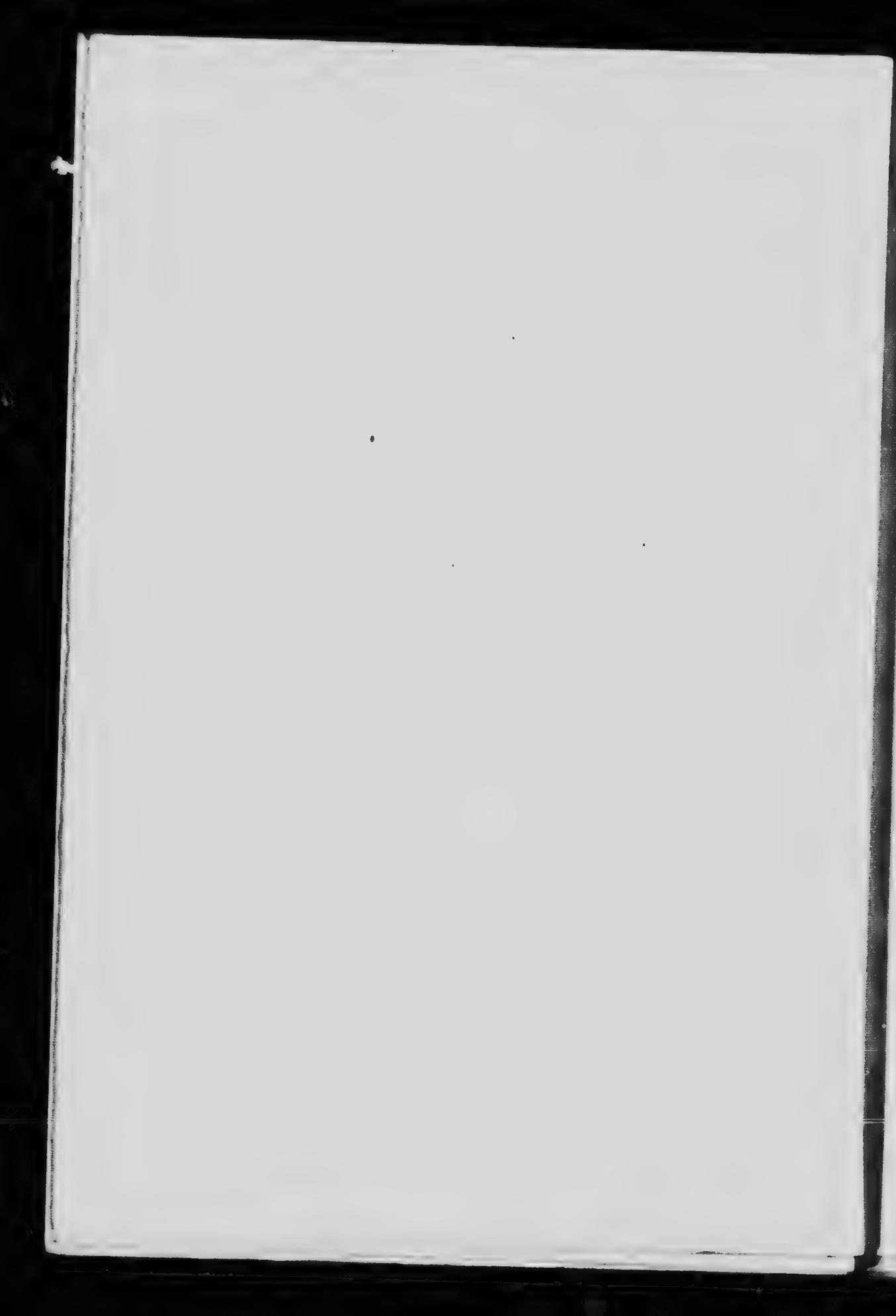
CONTENTS

A TRAGEDY	80
THE GOLDEN TIME	81
LA RIVIERE	82
FRAGMENTS	83
LINES FOR THE TIRED WORKER	85
MY PRAYER	86
THE LOVE OF GOD	87
OUR REFUGE	89
THE OTHER SIDE OF IT	91
SLUMBER SONG OF THE STEAMSHIP BABY	92
THE WATER-BOY	93
SOLOMON: A LITTLE INDIAN BOY	94
SHUSWAP'S SORROW	96
COFFIN NAILS	97
THE VOICE OF THE TRAIN	99
THE AUTUMN ID	101
ODD FELLOWS' HALL	102
THE MINISTER'S WELCOME	105
WAR: PAST AND PRESENT	107

SUPPRESSED LIVES

*Imprisoned in a pot of common clay,—
Hid in a cellar, dismal, bare, and cold,
With myriad lesser forms in gathering mould,
An Easter lily bulb in darkness lay.
Its mood was sad, for well it knew the play
Of glorious whiteness in its husk enrolled,
And beauty, fit to mate with forms of gold.
Far distant seemed the gladsome Easter day.*

*Yet even the darkness told the gardener's care.
It lay for weeks and months with life repressed,
Because its beauty matched the fitting time.
And human lives, dark-shadowed, lone, and bare,
Are not by wild and aimless chance suppressed;
God waits their season, and the needful clime.*



Our Destiny and Other Poems

OUR DESTINY

What is man?
He wanders the earth;
He eats of its plenty,
Delights in its beauty,
Shares in its labours,
And writhes with its torture,
But what is he?

Ever the question
Puzzles his reason,
Baffles enquiry.
Is he a stranger?
Is he an alien?
Is he a puppet,
The plaything of fate?
What is his destiny?

What say the ancients?
What says the Master?
What say His servants?

OUR DESTINY

Many the voices;
Conflicting the answers
They give to our questioning.
No word is written
That satisfies all.
Words cannot carry
The full weight of meaning
That lies in the answer;
But, taxed by the labour,
They break with the strain:
We gather the fragments
With industry painful,
But only the few
Satisfaction attain.

No; the answer we seek
Is not wholly contained
In the written Word.
But the Spirit of God,
Who dwelt in man,
Speaking through ecstasy,
Wonder and mystery,
Vision and parable—
He has not left us;
He dwells with us yet.
If we will hear Him
He is our teacher,
Guiding our feet
In the pathway of truth.

OUR DESTINY

Not that the prophets,
Apostles, and singers,
Of ancient days
Can be neglected.
Not till the heart,
With manful purpose
And painful wrestling,
Has mastered the meaning
Of the mighty Past,
Will the Spirit lead
To fuller truth.

He that would seek,
By an easier method,
To gain his purpose,
Shall wander in by-paths
Aimless and tortuous;
Ever mis-guided
By a Spirit insulted.

What is man?
He is not a stranger.
He is not an alien.
He is not a puppet,
The plaything of fate.
He is the child
In the Father's house.
Some are as babes
In the circling arms
Of Mother Nature:

OUR DESTINY

And many more,
In childhood and youth,
Are restrained for a time,
And kept as servants;
That so they may learn
The painful labour
By which the Father
Works out His plan.

But when the lesson
Of toil is learnt,
And the child attains
To lawful manhood,
No longer he lives
In ward as a servant.
As a son he walks
In the house of his Father.
No more for him
The olden restraint,
And the servant's fear;
But the freedom he knows
Of the son in the home;
His only law
The love he bears
To the Father divine.

And now he speaks
To the hearts of men
In the Father's name.
(No longer in bond

OUR DESTINY

To word and rule;
For the Father's Spirit
Reigns in his breast,
And *makes* the rule,
And *inspires* the word.)
For, having entered
On manhood's freedom,
He shares more fully
The Father's passion
And love for men.

In lowly service
Among his brothers;
In tender care
For the little children;
In earnest search
For the lost and erring,
He shows the world
What a man should be.
What is man?
What is his destiny?
Study the Master.
Study the men
Who walk in His footsteps.
In them you shall find
A living answer
To every question.

For He, who gave
To the heart its yearning,

OUR DESTINY

And placed before us
Our noblest ideal
As a brother man
To share in our travail,—
He is not a mocker,
He will not deceive us.

When our task is done;
When our strength shall fail,
And the shadows of evening
Close round about us,
The setting sun
Shall reveal to our sight
Vast realms unseen
In the dazzling blaze
That we called our day.

In that new realm
Revealed to our eyes
In the dark night of death—
THERE lies our destiny.

* * * * *

Evening, evening,
Sweet is thy gloom.
Shadows are deepening,
Closed is the bloom.
Hushed are the voices
That wakened the breast;

OUR DESTINY

Sweet is the eventide,
Calling to rest.

Bright was the morning
With promise and hope;
Rich hues adorning
The valley and slope.
Quick beat the pulses
With eager desire.
Fair was the morning,
And holy its fire.

Swiftly the glamour
That gilded the dawn
Fled as the clamour
Of noontide came on.
Boldly we entered
The conflict of life,
Seeking the honour
Of valorous strife.

Toiling and straining
Our task to complete,
Sharp was the training,
And fierce was its heat.
Gladly we hailed
The decline of the day;—
Watched for the hours
When our labour should stay.

OUR DESTINY

Now, with the evening,
Gone is the light.
Shadows are deepening;
Soon comes the night.
And as the day
With its labour departs,
Stars peep from heaven
To quiet our hearts.

Gone is the splendour
That streamed from the sun.
Thanks to the Sender
For all He has done.
But, while His blessing
Gave light to the day,
It narrowed our vision,
And hid the star's ray.

So when the glory
Of life shall depart,
Let the night-story
Bring peace to thy heart.
Let not the death-mist
Bring sorrow or gloom.
Wider is life
The far side of the tomb.

THE VOICE OF THE MIST

THE glory from my life has fled ;
The cold, grey mists are here.
The hopes that fired my youth are dead ;
I shrink in dread and fear.

Where are the strength and beauty now
That graced my earlier days,
Prompting the high and sacred vow,—
Moving my heart to praise ?

Where are the friends that gathered round,
Whose lives were linked with mine ;
In whose sweet comradeship I found
A stimulus divine ?

The strength and beauty are no more ;
Their dazzling grace has flown.
My heart is smitten to the core
As grass by reapers mown.

Some friends are dead, and some are gone,
With other interests filled ;
And none are near to lean upon ;
Their helpful words are stilled.

THE VOICE OF THE MIST

I live on memories of the past.
The present moments bring
But haunting miseries that blast,
And cruel ills that sting.

The mists of sorrow hide the sun,
And all life's joys obscure.
Before the noon of life is won
Its brightness is no more.

Whither, oh, whither shall I flee?
Where shall my spirit rest?
And what of hope remains to me?
What gleam shall guide my quest?

* * * * *

Like Israel's King, mine eyes I lift
To shining peaks afar.
Their strength and calm are heaven's gift
To soothe where troubles are.

Decked in a mantle passing fair
The foot-hills lie between;
And, wreathing many a valley there,
The drifting mists are seen.

Who knows how much those clouds may hide?
What glories they withhold?

THE VOICE OF THE MIST

What scenes of beauty are denied
To those whom they enfold?

For he who walks amid the mist
Sees not the mountains tower.
For him no sunlit peaks exist
While lasts that shadowed hour.

To him the larger view is lost;
His powers within are pent.
The nearer forms he sees, at most,
In hazy pictures blent.

Yet ne'er ne dreams the world is worse
Because he loathes the haze;
Nor measures all the universe
By that which meets his gaze.

Full well he knows a cleansing wind
Will drive the mist away;
And in the sunlight he shall find
A fuller, brighter day.

Once more the sweep of sea and land,
The beauty of the sky,
Shall speak the great Creator's hand,
And cheer the seeking eye.

* * * * *

THE VOICE OF THE MIST

I thank Him for the mountain voice
That whispers in my ear;
Rousing my heart to nobler choice
Than shrinking dread and fear.

Listening, I know myself at one
With all the mighty past;
I learn the witness that has shone
Throughout the ages vast.

Sung sweetly by the Hebrew bards
In tones that never die;
And taught by Christ in living words
That lift the soul on high.

And not alone to Christians known;
But kindled in the mind
Where'er the Spirit's breath has blown
O'er hearts to truth inclined.

The chill mists gathering round our path,
And o'er the landscape driven,
Are sent in love, and not in wrath:
They bear the gifts of heaven.

Not less the woes for which we mourn
Bear riches from above;
And lives, by constant suffering worn,
Know most the Father's love.

THE VOICE OF THE MIST

O trust, sad heart. Hope thou in God,
Wait patiently His time.
Thou walkest where the ancients trod,
Who rose to heights sublime.

And, since along their path I plod,
Their vision may be mine;
O trust, my heart; rest thou in God,
And make their triumph thine.

THE HEART'S CALL

Look up, sad heart! Look up!
Why droop like a faded flower?
Canst thou not gather thy strength
For the gloom of a passing hour?
Glory encircles thy pathway;
Heaven gives help to the brave.
Why should thy life be barren?
Why dost thou pine as a slave?
Seek now thy God,
Patiently kneeling.
Wait thou His time;
In Him there is healing.
E'en as a mother
O'er thee He bends;
And as a father
Guards and defends.

Rejoice, glad heart! Rejoice!
For this is the fairest day
That the children of earth have seen
Since first they began to pray.

THE HEART'S CALL

Never the sun was brighter;
Never such promise shone
As we see in the life about us,
By the toil of our fathers won.

Joy thou in God,
Gratefully singing.
See o'er the earth
New life is springing.
All that has been
Of good in the past
Is a God-given token
Of triumph at last.

Stand fast, brave heart! Stand fast!
Be thou a master of fate!
Thy troubles but point the way
To opportunity's gate.
God has need of thy courage,—
Joys in thy zeal and might;
Many a brother shall bless thee
If thou art strong to do right.
Lean thou on God,
Humbly enquiring.
Still He is near,
Courage inspiring.
Comrades rejoice,
Beholding thy strength.
Hold to thy task;
Rest comes at length.

THE HEART'S CALL

Awake My heart! Awake!
Respond to the call divine
That sounds from heaven above,
And from hearts whose beat is as thine.
Banish thy deadly gloom,
And the craven fears that kill.
Rise in the strength that achieves,
Heaven shall aid thee still.
Trust thou in God.
Safe in His keeping,
Joy shall be thine,
Pulsing and leaping.
Faithful to Him,
In His service unmoved,
Thine the rich crown
Of the soul that is proved.

DAY-BREAK

The dawn is breaking
In Eastern skies;
A new-born world with its glow shall arise.

The night has been long,
And the watchers sore prest,
But joy, with the morning, shall dwell in each breast.

The skies, dull and leaden,
Seemed closed to all prayer;
But the dawn has arisen; the sunshine is here.

Look up, weary hearts,
Dark with sorrow and sin;
Look up, for the day-break your freedom shall win.

Look up, O ye toilers,
O'erburdened with care;
Your God has come near, and your load He will share.

DAY-BREAK

Look up, little children,
Heaven's light in your eyes;
The day that is breaking is yours as it flies.

For the God of the morning
Has come with its light;
Awake to its glory, and banish the night.

THE LIVING WORD

IN the Bible we read of the glorious days
When the Living Word, in diverse ways,
By spoken message or writer's pen,
Leapt forth to the hungering hearts of men.

The Father of Spirits could ever command
The speaker's tongue or the writer's hand ;
Or perhaps to sight the veil was riven,
And in visions the Word of God was given.

But, when the sight of men waxed dim,
They said that the words were the gift from Him.
" The words, the form, you are bound to hold ;
" Let the man be accursed who shall be so bold

" As to say that the Spirit may give once more
" The Living Word as in days of yore,
" Not to be measured in Bible terms,
" But greater, and kindling with new life-germs."

THE LIVING WORD

From hence a great war of words arose,
And Christian brothers grew bitterest foes;
With words, words, words, they darkened the air;
Where Christ's hope had been there was black despair.

But the Living Word shall come once more
To the hearts of men as in days of yore;
Not in tones which only the few may know,
But in common speech shall the Spirit blow.

For the life and language of bygone years
Cannot utter fully the hopes and fears
That mingle in hearts of these later days,
With their growing knowledge and changing ways.

And even the holy name we have used
Is naught to our God if it be abused.
For He who spake once can speak once again:
Work the selfsame works in another name.

For the Living Word is more than a name.
Jehovah, Lord, Christ, are they not the same?
The one Great God seen in different ways,
In the Hebrew times or in Christian days?

And the name that has changed in the days gone by
May change again if our faith be dry;
And our sounding words shall sink into dust
If we fail to be true to the Christian trust.

THE LIVING WORD

But the Living Word shall never fail
Through the rolling ages. Our earthly vale
Shall ever be cheered by the guiding voice
Which makes our heart leap and our spirit rejoice.

There may be years when the Word seems lost
In the jangle of *words*, which are vainly tossed
From lip to lip, by those who hold
That in ancient times was the whole truth told.

But the Living Voice shall be heard again;
And its tones shall ring in the hearts of men.
Its joyful message shall fly o'er the earth
In the glad new age that has come to birth.

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS

"Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways; and how small a whisper do we hear of Him."—Job 26: 14.

WE sailed beneath the mountains
With their stately mantle of green;
And the deep recesses, where fountains,
And scarred grey rocks are seen.

In majestic silence they towered
Away to the heights above;
While the billowy clouds were lowered,
And wreathed them as if in love.

Or in tiny flecks they were scattered
Along o'er the mountain side,
As if by a tempest shattered
And driven in hollows to hide.

Some parts seemed lost in the blackness
Of twilight shadow and gloom;
Their mysterious depths were trackless,
And weird as a haunted tomb.

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS

While others were clothed with whiteness
As of sea-foam newly driven.
Envolved in dazzling brightness,
They seemed like the gate of heaven.

And as with awe-stricken wonder,
And all my being subdued,
I watched the clouds drift asunder,
And the mountain-peaks I viewed;

To my heart a voice came pealing
From the depths of the mighty past;
In its tones were balm and healing
For the soul that is overcast.

“The cloud-wrapt mountain whispers
Of the God that dwells in thy breast;
The elements sing His vespers;
To hear, and to know, is rest.”

THE ETERNAL JUDGE

"Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily
there is a God that judgeth in the earth.—*Psalm 58.*

"TRULY a judge is in the earth,"
Thus spake the ancient seer.
His piercing eye has scanned life's worth;
To him its end was clear.

He was not baffled when he saw
Life's troubles go and come.
He knew our earth the realm of law,
Not topsy-turvydom.

The selfless life, by fools esteemed
Madness and folly, here,
He knew to be the life that gleamed
With an undying cheer.

And when he saw the evil man
In dazzling eminence,
He would not then suspect the plan
Of sovereign Providence.

But all the tongues of earth and heaven
Spoke loudly to his ear,
That God had to the wicked given
A fate to dread and fear.

THE ETERNAL JUDGE

He saw the deadly poison lurk
Beneath their subtle ways;
He knew in their own blood 'twould work
And blight the poisoner's days.

And though their majesty should match
The lion in his strength,
God would their tyranny despatch
And break their teeth at length.

As melting snows before the sun;
As one untimely born;
Or as the warrior who would run
Of all his valour shorn.

Or as the fire, beneath the pot,
That's made of flimsy thorn
Is scattered ere the food be hot,
And on the whirlwind borne:

So should the wicked come to naught,—
Their artful scheming fail.
Since God was not in all their thought
What could their skill avail?

And when the gloom is swept aside
By which He proves our worth,
We taste the joy of Him who cried,—
“A Judge is in the earth.”

HEART-BROKEN

"Who is there among you . . . that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?"—Isaiah 50:10.

I KNEW him as a boy with golden curls,
And eyes that seemed to catch the light of heaven.
Among the homely cottagers 'twas said
He was too good for earth, and like to die.
I watched him pass from boyhood into youth,
With grace and knowledge far beyond his years;
And in his heart there ever burned a fire
Of passionate love for all things high and great,
Which still increased as manhood's dawn drew near.
And, as his strength increased, the kindling word,
Lit by the flame which dwelt within his breast,
Was ever on his lip. For him we hoped
A future that would match the gifts he bore.
And when the years of love were come he met
A maiden, in whose face and form there dwelt
A beauty like to that within his heart.

Six years had passed, and on a winter's morn
I chanced to roam among the dunes that lay
Along the sandy wastes beside the sea.

HEART-BROKEN

The scanty blades of grass, like bronzed wires,
Were whistling in the wind. And there I met
The man whose early years had been so full
Of golden promise. But his form was changed;
His face was haggard, and the old-time fire
No longer lit the eye, that seemed withdrawn
From friendly glances; and the trembling lips
Seemed ever tortured by the tugging nerves.
With half-averted face he quickly told
The story of the woe that pierced his heart.

The sacred thirst he ever sought to quench
Among the books which held the treasured thought
Of noble minds, had led to eager study;
Which wrought a violence upon his brain,
And brought him near to death. While thus he lay,
The woman who was more to him than life
Was laid to rest beneath the graveyard sod.
And now the spirit's dazzling light seemed quenched
In tears of bitterest sorrow. And he sought
To hide his grief in solitary places.
The busy life of men clashed with his mind,
And seemed to work a deeper havoc there.
But in the swishing of the yellow waves
On the long, dismal plain of drifting sand;
And in the desolation of the dunes,
The mournful whistling of the windswept grasses,
There lurked a charm in keeping with his mood.
And there he lifted empty hands to heaven

HEART-BROKEN

As outward symbol of his empty heart;
And, lifting up his voice with the sea-moan,
The surging trouble of his soul gushed forth.

Lord, how long shall it be
That I live in misery?
My light is gone—is gone,
In darkness I walk alone.
My heart is dry as the grass
Where the cold, salt breezes pass.
In Thy mercy pity me,
And take me from misery.

Again I met the broken-hearted man
Upon the mountain-side. The green above
In densest growth shut out the light of heaven,
And made a stillness of perpetual gloom,
In which could grow no fronded fern or moss;
But fall'n pine-needles made a carpet there.
His face was still with deepest suffering marred,
But now, in his demeanour, there was peace.
Not peace like that which dwells in summer fields,
Or tempts the rambler by the sparkling brook;
But like to that which reigned within the forest;
A peace which breathed a haunting melancholy.
And there he spoke of all his early hopes,
The high ideals, and the noble purpose
That fired his youth, and all that might have been.

HEART-BROKEN

And once more, lifting reverent hands in prayer,
In God's great cloister on the mountain-side,
His mind, o'er-strained, in utterance found relief:

Father, I worship Thee;
Thy peace has come to me.
And though, like a stricken deer,
In sorrow I linger here,
I have heard Thy voice in the gloom.
And through the shadows that loom,
I have seen a ray of the light
That tells of the passing night.

I left him standing in the forest aisle,
His face upturned as though he heard a call
From other worlds. And when, at night, there passed
A solitary woodman, he found there,
Upon the soft pine-needle carpet laid,
The form of one who seemed as if in sleep.
The form was there; the spirit was in Heaven.

THE STOKERS

On, glorious to me
Is a trip on the sea,
When the sun shines bright,
With a shimmering light,
On the rippling waves,
And the blue that paves
The mighty sweep
Of the boundless deep;
But, pacing above where the smokestacks rear
The sound of the toilers below I hear.

Oh, the stokers below!
How much we owe
To the nameless men
In the fiery den;
How great is our debt
For their toil and sweat,—
For their task in the stoke-hole drear.

And grand to me
Is a trip on the sea
When the waves roll high,
And the storm-fiends fly,
And the gallant ship,
With roll and dip,

THE STOKERS

Is tossed like a straw
By their merciless law;
But still, while the tempest darkens the skies,
The familiar sounds from the stoke-hole arise,
And always we know
That the men below,
With blackened faces,
Are in their places;
And the fire they stoke
With its flame and smoke,
Is the life of the ship as she plies.

And solemn to me
Is a trip on the sea,
When the night-pall dark
Envelops our bark.
With throb and shiver
The stanchions quiver;
The sea-birds loom
Like ghosts in the gloom.

And, more than by day, we can hear the men
Who are toiling beneath in their grimy den.

For the stokers below
Scant thought we show.
We shrink from their grime
As from poison or crime,
But we owe them a debt
That can never be met

By tribute of tongue or pen.

THE NATION-BUILDERS

KNOCK, knock, knock.

What means this unseemly clatter?
It's only a settler building his house,
And you hear his hammer batter.
But why do they build in places like these?
There is nothing around but rocks and trees.
You don't understand? Well, list to me, please,

While I tell you what they are doing.

Where the trees stand now

On the rocky brow,

Fair homes will smile

In a little while.

With their raps and bangs,

And taps and clangs,

A nation the men are building.

Boom, boom, boom.

The giant trees are falling.

For the settler lives in the home he has built
And follows his lonely calling.

THE NATION-BUILDERS

And soon a part of the land is clear,
The time to gather his crop is near;
And he tastes the success to the toiler dear,
When the harvest repays his sowing.

For the mould below
Fine crops will grow.
In the fruitful ground
His wealth is found.
And with work and sweat,
That know no let,
A nation the men are planting.

Whack, whack, whack.
Do you hear the lumber clatter?
For another settler is building his house
To the tune of the same old batter.
And soon there are others who gather round.
A goodly spot for a home they have found;
And a mag... ange sweeps over the ground
Because of the work they are doing.
In the home of the jay
The children play.
In the wild flower's room
Fair gardens bloom.
With their strength and will,
And taste and skill,
A nation the people are making.

THE VACATION

A SLENDER figure stood at my door,
On a sweltering day in July;
In her slim, white hand a satchel she bore;
To my question she made reply,—
“ I’ve a book to sell;
Please look at it well.
It’s the best of its kind
That your skill can find;
Not a page of it barren or dry.”

Now, of all the woes that afflict our life,
And tempt us to hasty speeches,
There are few that rouse in our hearts more strife
Than the story the agent preaches.
So I said to the maid
Of the book-selling trade,
“ I’ve no time to read,
Or your words to heed,
For I’m tending my corn and peaches.”

THE VACATION

With low, modest tones again she spake,
As one who has taste and knowledge,—
“The University course I take,
And I’m working my way through college.
I am selling to-day
To pay my way;
That when to my class
In the fall I pass,
I may have some milk with my porridge.”

As soon as I heard the student’s tale,
A warmth in my heart was kindled;
And the surging memories rushed like a gale,
Till my pulses throbbed and tingled.
Of my youth they told,
And its visions of gold.
I saw once more
The glad days of yore,
When with college chums I mingled.

The queen of the household opened wide
Our home to the student stranger;
And her heart was cheered when again she hied
To her task as a book-man’s ranger.
In our hearts we prayed
For the roving maid,
That the God above
In His power and love
Would shelter her life from danger.

THE VACATION

For the boys and girls of the college hall
Will *lead* in the coming day;
And, among the students, the best of all
Are those who are working their way.

For their grit and pluck
We wish them luck.
Our Canada's prize
Is for those who rise
By toiling while others play.

MRS. McITTY

SING a song of a dear little wife:

We call her Mrs. McItty.

She moves like a golden gleam through life,
Sunny, and chatty, and witty.

She is neither handsome, nor stately, nor tall;
You scarcely would call her pretty;
But the graces she bears are the best of all;
A warm heart has Mrs. McItty.

It kindles and brightens all her ways
With a cheerful, sprightly vigour;
And the glow of its love-beat ever plays
In her trim and dainty figure.

But how shall I sing of the ways I see
In which she scatters her treasure?
For a prodigal, truly, in love is she,
And gives without stint or measure.

With help, where needed, and sympathy sweet,
Both neighbours and strangers she blesses;
And for babies and children there's no other treat
Like Mrs. McItty's caresses.

MRS. McITTY

Not a tithe of her heart can be uttered in words,
But her music keeps time with its beating;
And with this she can answer the song of the birds,
And give to the flowers her greeting.

But, if you would know the full worth of her care,
She must watch by your bed in sickness;
As an angel she guards, and with tenderness rare
Gilds tossing and pain with sweetness.

So quickly her heart is moved to tears
By sorrow or pain or pity;
But a rainbow glory ever appears
In the weeping of Mrs. McItty.

Of course there are times when the dark clouds loom,
And the tempest fiends gather together;
But they're always the clouds of a thunder-storm,
And never of settled bad weather.

When men sit discussing the deepest thought,
She listens with reverent meekness.
But hers is the spirit that God has taught,
And the wisdom made perfect in weakness.

So the golden gleams of her life never fail,
And the woman, bright, gentle, and witty,
Is the joy of her home and our beautiful vale;
We all love Mrs. McItty.

THE PIONEER

The obscure hero of this poem was Mr. William Wallcroft, one of the earliest settlers in the Archibald district of Southern Manitoba. It was the author's privilege to visit him in his last sickness, and, after committing his body to the earth, to conduct a memorial service in the church where he had long laboured as local preacher, class-leader, and Sunday-school superintendent.

I stood in the darkened chamber
Where the veteran lay at rest.
He was one of the nameless heroes,
By unknown toilers blessed.

He came to the Pembina mountain
When the country was waste and wild,
With all his earthly belongings
On a lumbering ox-wagon piled.

He came from the dear Old Country,
Of the sturdy Devonshire stock;
To the end he would often tell you
Of his toil in the Devonport Dock.

THE PIONEER

He had travelled across the prairie
With a friend and children and wife,
On the trail from Emerson Station,
To try the homesteading life.

And a Spartan life they found it
In those pioneering days;
A rough sod hut was their shelter,
As they learned the prairie ways.

Those ways were strange and fickle,
As they found again and again,
When the frost swept over the wheatfields,
And blasted the ripening grain.

But with patience and skill they mastered
The secret of climate and soil;
Their courage and industry triumphed,
And plenty rewarded their toil.

A house and barn were erected
With logs from the poplar grove.
The oxen made way for horses,
And things were beginning to move.

New settlers came into the district;
There followed a mighty change.
The wilderness bloomed as a garden;
Farms spread o'er the buffalo range.

THE PIONEER

But ever within the farmers
The old heart-hunger burned ;
And their thoughts with eager longing
To the God of their fathers turned.

In the home of our hero they gathered,
Reviving the old-time fire.
In him they found the devotion
And zeal that never tire.

And not alone in his household,
But far o'er the countryside,
He laboured to point his neighbours
The path of the Crucified.

By the bed of the sick and the dying,
He stood with the message of love.
They trusted him as their pilot
To the home of rest above.

When at last death came to the sufferer,
And released the spirit guest,
It was he who stood by the graveside,
And committed the body to rest.

When the pioneer days were ended,
And a church arose at length,
The warmth of his heart and fireside
Were the minister's joy and strength.

THE PIONEER

He gathered the little children
For the joy of the Sunday-school;
And met in the class as leader,
According to Methodist rule.

Now the days of his toiling are ended.
Friends gather from far and near
To honour the homely farmer
Who lies on the funeral bier.

What words shall we bring to praise him?
How much does Canada owe
To unknown men who have laboured
The seeds of her progress to sow?

Such men are the pride of our nation;
They stand above praise or fame;
Beside them the wealthy idler
Bears only an empty name.

God give us ever the manhood
That is bred in the farm and field;
For this is a wealth far greater
Than the mines of the Klondike yield.

THE BOYS OF ENGLAND

OH, the boys that come from England
To our fair Canadian land,
Filled with eager aspiration
Of the good Old-Country brand,
Bring their boxes, speech and manners,
And in many ways they're green;
But they always carry with them
Love for Britain's King and Queen.
For their name,
And their fame,
Ever stir the English breast;
And they stand
In the land
For the noblest and the best.

Oh, the boys that come from England,
With their quaint Old-Country ways,
Often land with empty pockets
And a tale of better days,

THE BOYS OF ENGLAND

And a scanty stock of knowledge
 Of the kind that's needed most;
But they never fail to carry
 Lots of British pride and boast.
 For they know,
 And they show,
In their bearing and their speech,
 That they trace
 In their race
Highest virtues man can reach.

Oh, the boys that come from England,
 Lots of chaffing must endure;
For Canadians love to tease them,
 Hoping thus their whims to cure.
But in spite of all their failings,
 Still they rise to wealth and fame;
For they always carry with them
 Grit and skill to play the game.
 For it's bred
 In their blood
Through a thousand years of strife,—
 No retreat;
 Scorn defeat;
Better death than tarnished life.

Oh, the boys that come from England,
 Have the noblest heritage

THE BOYS OF ENGLAND

That the world has ever given
To the lads of any age.
And in Canada they're welcome;
Here their powers find larger scope;
For they never fail to carry
British enterprise and hope.
For the pluck
And the luck
Of the British race they share;
And they rise,
Win the prize
Of the men who do and dare.

THE LONE MUSICIAN

I HEAR a lone musician in her den
Play vibrant chords that sweetly haunt the soul ;
Now deep ; sonorous as a funeral toll ;
Now rushing like a brook in a wild glen.
Anon, with lightest touch, and tenderest grace,
The pensive memories, from the bygone years,
Find sweet expresison, summoning the tears,
Which bounding, martial strains as quickly chase.

Each strain of grace or splendour, calm or fire,
Is the reflection of the varying mood
That sweeps, with tremulous wave, the player's
heart.

O lone musician ! An invisible choir
Of mighty singers, pouring out a flood
Of glorious harmony, is in thine art.

AH'-NA-NAH'

The wail of the Cowichan Indians—"Woe is me!"

" Better for him that a millstone
Be hung about his neck,
And that into the sea men cast him
As a hopeless human wreck."

In words like these spake Jesus,
The gentle, loving, and mild,
Of him who, by sinful conduct,
Should offend a little child.

For each of the little children
Is under the Father's eye;
To wilfully work them evil
Is an insult to God on high.

And does God think less of a nation
Whose mind is that of a child?
Has He less regard for the Indians,
With their nature simple and wild?

AH'-NA-NAH'

No! No! They too are His children;
They too have a place in His heart.
As a mother cares for her sick ones
So God will take their part.

And we are the brothers and sisters
Whom God has endowed with might,
To care for the weak of the household
Until they are strong to do right.

But how can a nation interpret
Such a tender relationship?
Shall we make good laws for the Indian,
To give his wild wings a clip?

Shall we give him some land and a schoolhouse,—
A church in which to pray;
And then forget all about him,
Because he is out of the way?

Oh, no! it is not our bounty,
But a loving hand he needs;
Our bounty may only corrupt him,
And our laws be as broken reeds.

It is thus, even now, with the Indian:
Our generous laws have failed.
Instead of growing to manhood,
He remains a pampered child.

AH'-NA-NAH'

Not as brothers we have acted,
But like the hireling nurse:
We have fed him and kept him quiet;
Felt glad he has been no worse.

It is true there are mission heroes
Who have gladly given their lives
To carry the saving message;
And their bold race still survives.

But for every man who has suffered
To bring them into the light,
A hundred their race have exploited,
Regardless of truth or right.

Nor has he been only exploited
To win the white man gold,
But the Indian has been corrupted
In ways that cannot be told.

It always makes me shudder,
And blush for our Saxon race,
When I see the soul of a white man
Looking out from an Indian face.

He is spurned by the race of his father,
To whom he owes his best;
For he sucked the Indian customs
With the milk from his mother's breast.

AH'-NA-NAH'

And these Indian customs bind him
Like a captive in walls of stone;
But there dwell in his breast ambitions
To the native mind unknown.

His heart is the scene of a conflict
Which rages beyond control,
And too often works destruction
To the half-breed's body and soul.

And ever the low-grade white man
With the deadly whiskey waits;
Unloosing the vilest passions,
And stirring the deepest hates.

The reserve becomes a cesspool
Where horrible vices drain;
And evil habits forever
Bring disease and death in their train.

Their dark curse reaches the children;
A mist steals over their eyes,
And the mournful sounds of wailing
For dying babies arise.

Thank God, it is not all darkness;
There are bright spots here and there;
And many a true-hearted red-man
Has courage to do and dare.

AH'-NA-NAH'

But they fight a desperate battle,
For the crowd lags far behind,
Content to assort with the lowest
And worst of our country's kind.

Oh, I know not how we shall answer,
When before God's throne we stand,
For the pitiful plight of the Indian
In our fair Canadian land.

THE SINGING LESSON

My friend Pitell and his neighbour Jim
Were eager to learn a Siwash hymn;
So they came to my house one afternoon
With hearts on fire to master the tune.

First the words must be learnt in the schoolboy way,
A line at a time as the teacher shall say.
"Tis a soul-stirring message from Tzee-tzel Seahm¹—
That bids them arise to conquer Leahm.²

And now to tackle the tune they are free;
Good "Lennox," which Methodists all will agree
Is one of the best; and with might and main
We sing it together again and again.

Old Jim, nearly blind, with blue goggles adorned,
And a face that tells loudly he's laughed more than
mourned,
Leans hard on his staff, and rolls with the song,
For action, he thinks, will help it along.

¹Tzee-tzel Seahm—God.
²Leahm—The Devil.

THE SINGING LESSON

Pitell, the dwarf lawyer and seer of our tribe,
Ever ready with wisdom, with wit, and with gibe,
His hunched back almost lost in a glory of hair,
Knits his brows to the task and attacks it with care.

And, after the hymn thirty times has been sung,
Pitell wants a rest, and a change for his tongue,
In tales of old days when red-men had might,
And the pale-faced Quin-ee-tum¹ were strange to their
sight.

For Pitell is full of the ancient lore,
Of the battles fought in the days of yore;
How Stetson and Hals² to Cowichan came
From the realms above in thunder and flame.

"Kopet he-he," says Jim to Pitell,
"Nika tikey sing": to laugh is not well,"
And the song is sung for the fiftieth time
By our voices three in full-toned chime.

"Nika chako skookum," the blind man cries,
As he thumps the breast where his tum-tum lies;
"Nika skookum tum-tum," for God," says he,
"Has spoken again of His love to me."

¹Quin-ee-tum—The white men.

²Stetson and Hals—Ancient heroes of heavenly origin.

"Kopet he-he—Stop your nonsense.

"Nika tikey sing—I want to sing.

"Nika chako skookum—I am becoming strong, or joyful.

"Nika skookum tum-tum—My heart is strong; used as
equivalent to "My heart is bursting with joy."

THE SINGING LESSON

And the hunchback says, "I thank you, God;
I'm a poor lone man, and I wander the road
To find a friend who will talk to me:
And to-day I have found a friend in Thee."

And many a time "Kla-how-ya"^{*} is said,
As the blind, by the dwarf, to the door is led:
For they both love more, as they rise to go,
The Father in heaven and the brother below.

^{*}Kla-how-ya—Good-bye.

LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST

OR THE INDIAN PREACHER'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE

LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST, the Land of Roses,
Where the noble race of the Tsimshian dwell,
I stand on thy shore as the evening closes;
In the gathering shadows I bid thee farewell.

Once more I go forth to my post in the mountains
At the call of my God, and the people I love;
But my heart is pensive; mine eyes are as fountains,
As I gaze on thy sea, and the green hills above.

For over the past is my memory sweeping;
The veil of the years is torn from mine eyes.
Again with the boys on the sand I am leaping
And the hillsides re-echo with Indian cries.

I see the old days with their frenzy and terror,
When the chase and the battle gave glory to life;
When our spirits were bound in Tamahnawis error,
And the savage rejoiced in his dread scalping-knife.

There are the rocks where the slave-girl was murdered;
I saw them lick her blood from the stones;
And, yonder, the death of the captives was ordered;
And the ground was littered with human bones.

LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST

There are the mighty posts that were grounded
On the writhing bodies of living slaves;
That luck might be brought to the house that was
founded,
And triumph ensured to the Tsimshian braves.

But the horrible vision of blood and pillage
Is swept as a deadly nightmare aside;
For I see before me a Christian village
Where the peace and beauty of heaven abide.

My thought flies back to the pale-face preacher,
Who was sent by God with the Word from above;
How he gathered the boys, and became their teacher,
And toiled with the fervour inspired by love.

I remember the scene when the word was spoken
That the white man's ways should be taught no more;
For the chieftains feared their power would be broken
If the God of the Bible came to their shore.

With threats they gathered, and crowded around him,
And wildly brandished the menacing knife;
But heedless of terror or death they found him;
The call of his mission was dearer than life.

With the love of Christ he won the people;
A marvellous change came over the land:
There is the church with its towering steeple;
Yonder the schools for the children stand.

LACH-WHOHA-LAMIST

I hear the strains of music ascending
From homes where the Tsimshian dwell in peace;
And the joyful songs of little ones blending
With the ocean-voices that never cease.

In the hearts of the people are strength and beauty,
Which shine in their eyes, and dwell in their speech;
And they hear, and know, the call of duty;
They send their sons the Glad Message to preach.

Gone are the horror and blood of the savage;
Gone is the darkness that dwelt in his breast;
Gone is the longing for plunder and ravage,
Cruel suspicion and bestial jest.

Yes, they are gone. But gone, too, the voices
Of those whom I loved in the days that are past;
And so, while the prospect my vision rejoices,
I weep for the shadow that sorrow has cast.

For my life is bound to the Land of Roses
By a thousand ties to the Indian known;
And my surging heart, while the evening closes,
Cries out for the friends and the days that are flown.

NOTE.—The incidents of the above poem are faithfully portrayed as they were related to the author by a native Indian missionary, who actually witnessed what is here described. Lach-whoha-lamist is now known under the more prosaic name of Port Simpson.

THE SE-ETH

("Se-eth" is a title distinguishing a member of a ruling family among the Cowichan Indians.)

His parents took him away from the school
Where he learned to follow the white man's rule;
For they feared that his Indian ardour would cool:
 Their hopes for their son were high;
 But they took him away to die.

With an ancient man of their house as guide,
To break him again to their customs they tried;
They quickly found him a youthful bride,
 And proudly called him Se-eth:
 But they wedded him fast to death.

The Mission teachers had striven to give
A practical training, by which he might live,
In the white man's struggle competitive,—
 A training to conquer by:
 But they trained him, instead, to die.

THE SE-ETH

They knew that his home with temptation was rife,
So they laboured to teach him the Christian strife;
And with love, and truth, to prepare him for life:

But, alas! they prepared him to die;
And the time of his end was nigh.

For when he was home, and newly wed,
"Fear not the rain," his people said.
"Tis a white man's fear that is in thy head,
That makes thee seek to be dry."
Oh, little they thought he should die.

So a savage bravado arose in his breast;
He toiled all day in his dripping vest;
And scorned to change when he went to rest.
As he slept disease drew nigh:
In that night he was doomed to die.

Then came the cough with its fatal hack,—
The failing strength, and the drooping back.
We saw the destroyer was on his track,
And, heaving a sorrowful sigh,
We knew that Se-eth must die.

Soon the Indian doctors were on the ground;
The wrinkled old hags had gathered around:
And all of them told of the cures they had found;
Nor dreamed, as they wasted their breath,
That they foolishly trifled with death.

THE SE-ETH

In just one thing were they all agreed,—
Of the white man's doctor there was no need.
To poison the whole of the tribe he was fee'd.

And they lost the last chance for Se-eth
In their gamble with pain and death.

And not till their vaunted skill had failed,
And in prospect of death their spirits quailed,
Was the offer of help from the preacher hailed;

That to check the disease he might try,
When nothing remained but to die.

And never their ignorant folly they blamed,
Nor felt in their darkened minds ashamed;
But ever the white man's school they named

As the source of disease and death;—
As the curse of their loved Se-eth.

But their black distrust and suspicion were stayed
As the preacher knelt in their home and prayed;
And the teaching of school-days came to his aid

In the mind of the doomed Se-eth,
To prepare his soul for death.

For many a peaceful eventide,
As the boys and girls sang side by side,
They had prayed that near them God might abide

In the deepening gloom of death.
And with them had sung Se-eth.

THE| SE-ETH

They repeated the psalm of the shepherd of old
Who played and sang as he watched by the fold ;—
“ The Lord is my Shepherd, . . . my heart shall be bold
Though I walk in the shadow of death.”
His words were known to Se-eth.

And now, at the call of a skilful guide,
The door of his heart was again opened wide;
Sweet memories rushed as old friends to his side;
As angels they hovered nigh
To comfort him ere he should die.

They bore on their wings a fragrance of hope,
And helped him to scale the steep, hard slope,
To the land where his soul would find larger scope,
And no tears should start from the eye:
The city where none can die.

* * * * *

Oh, come and join in the Cowichan wail
For the scourge of death that sweeps through our vale.
Till the promise and strength of manhood fail;
And many a youthful Se-eth
Is wrapped in the gloom of death.

Weep with the cry of the dying child !
Weep for the ignorance dark and wild !
Weep for the mothers and maidens beguiled
Into misery worse than the death
That snatched the beloved Se-eth !

THE SE-ETH

For how can we preach the promise of heaven
To a nation rotting, and frenzy-driven
By the sins of a race that should have given
 The joy of a healing breath,
 And the gospel that conquers death?

Woe to the man of immoral ways!
And woe to the man whom the Indian pays
For the liquor that curses and shortens his days!
 Hear what Jehovah saith:
 “Their part is the second death.”

NOTE.—To a casual reader it may seem that this picture of gloom and death is extravagant and overdrawn. As a matter of fact, no words of mine can fitly describe the wretched condition of many of our British Columbian Indians. Only those who have shared their sorrows, and dressed their wounds, can believe or understand. In spite of well-meaning laws they are able to get almost unlimited supplies of liquor. The missionary can do but little to alleviate their misery. Unless Canada is aroused to take some radical measure it is only a matter of a few years before some of their tribes must be extinct.

THE SHAKER DANCE

The Shakers are a sect of Indians who meet once a week, or oftener, for divine worship. An essential feature of their service is the shaking—an intense vibration of the hands and fingers produced by spirit power. When in this hypnotic condition they have gifts of healing, and receive spirit communications. Their teaching is a strange blending of varied elements learned from Catholic and Protestant missionaries. They have a liturgical service in which they are led by three elders. The effect of their worship is to make them clean-living and independent. These good effects are to some extent annulled by their intense bigotry. The rhythm and measure of the following lines are the same as those of their chanting. As a rule they use only two syllables and four notes. Taking an octave, say in the key of F natural, and beginning with the top note, the tones are F, C, D, A. The dance is saved from being monotonous by the way in which voices, feet, and bells each dominate in their turn, so that at one time the dancing and ringing are but an accompaniment to the chanting. At another time the chanting is but an echo, or may cease altogether.

Voices—Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - i - gh
Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - i - gh
Feet—Ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp,
Bells—Ling'-a linga ling'-a linga ling'-a linga ling'-a linga
Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - i - gh
Ho - o - o - o i - i - - - gh

LISTEN! listen! hear the Shakers!
Catch the rhythm of their dancing,
And the tinkling of the hand-bells,
With their voices' mournful cadence.

THE SHAKER DANCE

Myriad candles slowly glimmer
All around their house of meeting.
T'ward the sunrise stands an altar
With a plain black cross before it,
Sewn upon the altar-linen :
Three white crosses rise above it,
Lit with many a guttering candle.
On the bench that skirts the building
Sit the Indians who would see them ;
Strangers, who perhaps may join them.

Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh,
Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh,
Now the chanting, soaring loudly,
To the rhythm of their dancing,
And the music of the hand-bells,
Rouses each to greater fervour.
Waving hands and quivering fingers
Speak the working of the Spirit
Who possesses all their being ;
From all taint of sin to cleanse them,
And from all disease to heal them.

Ling'-a linga ling'-a linga ling'a linga ling'-a linga,
Tinkling hand-bells lead the measure.
Sinks the chanting to a murmur,
And the tramp of feet sounds feebler
As they dance around the sufferer,
And, with trembling hands and fingers,

THE SHAKER DANCE

Take the sickness from his body;
Then, with faces marred and twisted,
Hands clasped rigidly before them,
Dance toward the open doorway;
Hurl the poison into darkness.

Ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp, ramp' ramp,
Louder, louder sounds the dancing;
Booted feet on hollow flooring,
Pounding, pounding, pounding, pounding.
Now the chanting wholly ceases
While they dance before the stranger,
Pass their quivering hands before him,
Cast their magic spell upon him.

Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh,
Ho - o - o - o i - i - i - gh,
Joyful, they resume their chanting,
For the Spirit moves the stranger.
Suddenly he leaps to join them,
As the rapture thrills his being.
First he stands as one bewildered:
Then the trembling comes upon him,
And his feet move with the measure;
A new heart to him is given,
And a spirit strong to conquer
Evil ways that long have bound him.

Swiftly glide the light-winged minutes:
One by one the candles flicker,

THE SHAKER DANCE

Till the hour of midnight passes,
And the spell begins to weaken.
Now they gather in a circle,
Each around his neighbour turning,
Clasping hands that point to heaven ;
While the trembling passes from them,
And the magic spell is broken.

Then—in silence deep and awful,
In a circle near the altar,
Where, before the three white crosses,
Stand three elders, men who lead them,—
Each whose mind has been instructed
By the Spirit in their dancing,
Signs the cross upon his bosom ;
And before the listening brothers,
And the earnest Shaker sisters,
Tells the word for which they hunger.

When the message has been given,
And the closing prayer is offered,
All in genial friendship mingle ;
And, with a contagious gladness,
Speak the wonders of the Spirit
Sent by God to heal and teach them.
Then, in groups, they slowly scatter
To the dwellings, huge, fantastic,
Where their household fires are burning ;
And the Shaker dance is ended.

THE PIONEER MISSIONARIES

God bless the pioneers;
May His mercy enrich their declining years.
The hearts were strong as the tempered steel;
Yet pulsing with tenderest love, that could feel
The awful darkness and woe that pressed
Like a nightmare of doom on the Indian breast.

God bless the pioneers;
They have done their work in sorrow and tears;
For the scourge of death has swept through the land;
The fruit of their toil has been snatched from their hand;
They have given their lives for a smitten race,
With none to sustain them but God and His grace.

God bless the pioneers;
May the voice that called them sound in our ears:
The tribute we render with tongue or pen
Is but feeble praise for heroic men;
But to show that in us their work shall live
Is the highest tribute our hearts can give.

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

THREE English lads came over the sea
To the glorious land of the maple tree,
 Through the prairie land,
 And the mountains grand,
Till they came once more to the rolling sea.
 Oh, the rolling sea,
 Where the winds blow free !
 Oh, the lovely isle
 Where the roses smile,
In the land of the maple tree !

Three English maids on the western strand
To make a nice little home had planned ;
 But their hearts were sore
 For the days of yore,
And the dear ones left in the native land.
 Oh, the dear home-land,
 With its story grand !
 Oh, the parting tear
 And the friends so dear !
And they longed for their native land.

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

Now, these English lads with the maidens three
Were out one day on the rolling sea ;
And with venture bold
Their love was told,
And their dreams of the golden times to be.
Oh, the times to be,
And the homes they'll see !
Oh, the life so grand
On the western strand,
In the land of the maple tree !

A TRAGEDY

You tell me, Rose, that the garden is fair,
And its flowers and fruits are sweet and rare;
But a deadly serpent lurks by the path;
What is the gain if thy life he hath?

Flee! Flee! Listen to me;
Why should his poison cleave to thee?

You tell me, Rose, of your love's delight;
Of your new-born sweetness, tender and bright.
But a secret sin in his heart he keeps;
What profits the joy when thy poor heart weeps?

Flee! Flee! Listen to me;
Why should his sin bring sorrow to thee?

You tell me, Rose, you have power to charm
The lurking ~~thee~~ from his power to harm.
A serpent charmed is a serpent still;
But a wilful woman must have her will.

Doom! Doom! trouble and gloom!
Heart-ache and misery over thee loom.

THE GOLDEN TIME

HERE, beneath the cherry-tree,
Darling, come and sit with me;
Sing a song with tripping chime,
All about the olden time,
When Love's dream was young and glowing,
Cherry-blossom mine;
And its fervour daily growing
In the olden time.

The olden time,
With its growing, glowing splendour;
Our sweeting time
Beneath the cherry-tree.

Sweet the grace of flowers may be;
Sweeter still thy form to me.
Love was born in golden daye;
Proven love has higher praise.
Young Love's dream might quickly vanish
In the olden time.
Tested love no power can banish,
Cherry-blossom mine.

The olden time,
With its growing, glowing splendour;
Our sweeting time
Beneath the cherry-tree.

LA RIVIERE

OH, sweet is the Pembina valley in summer,
When the goldenrod blooms, and the whip-poor-will
 sings;

And welcome its sheltering calm to the roamer
When, over the hillside, the snow-mantle clings.

But weary to me are the sweet summer hours;
Like a pall on my heart are the snow and the frost;
For a dear little girlie lies under the flowers;
 The brightness and bloom of our household are lost.

She rests in the graveyard that lies by the river;
On the maple-tree near her the meadow-lark sings.
Its note speaks of gladness; but nought can deliver
 My heart from the sorrow that memory brings.

When the cold and the snow of the winter are over,
The spring weaves its garment again o'er the earth;
And it may be that some day my heart will recover
 From the winter of sorrow that lies on its mirth.

FRAGMENTS

OH, a little bit of fun,
How it makes the worries run ;
When we crack a little joke,
Or a bit of mischief poke
At the neighbour whom we greet
As we walk along the street,
It gives to life a spice,
And helps to melt the ice
That would gather, where the mind
Is to constant toil inclined.
Oh, a little bit of fun for me.

Oh, a sweet and sunny smile
Stealing, every little while,
Like a sunbeam o'er a face
Lit with helpfulness and grace,
Gives a world of sweetest pleasure,
And a radiance none can measure ;
Sheds an atmosphere of gladness
In the place of gloom and sadness.
Turns the bitter word aside
That would poison if replied.
Oh, a sunny little smile for me.

FRAGMENTS

Oh, a merry little song,
How it helps the toil along.
When the weary spirits flag,
And our feet begin to drag,
There is magic in a ditty
That will make us brave and gritty;
In its music there is healing
That can soothe the ruffled feeling;
Rid the heart of selfish care,
Change its mourning into prayer.
Oh, a merry little song for me.

LINES FOR THE TIRED WORKER

Rest! Rest! Rest!
Thy Father knoweth best.
No need to fret and strain
Thy longing to attain;
God shall assuage thy pain.
Rest! Rest! Rest!

Trust! Trust! Trust!
For faith upholds the just.
The light of coming days,
With heart-inspiring rays,
Shines clear on him who prays.
Trust! Trust! Trust!

List! List! List!
Let not the voice be missed
That whispers in thy soul,
Its tumult to control,
And calling to its goal.
List! List! List!

Rest! Rest! Rest!
God heareth thy request.
For not His slave art thou,
But dear-loved child, and now
His kiss is on thy brow.

Rest! Rest! Rest!



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MY PRAYER

O God, be near me now,
My life to Thee I vow.
I would not be mine own,
But Thine, and Thine alone.
My soul and body here I give,
That in Thy service I may live.

To serve with glowing heart,—
Be mine this joyful part.
Not with a servant's fear,
But as a kinsman dear.
For Thou dost live within my breast,
And in Thy service I am blest.

With rapture I would share
The cross Thy children bear.
No higher boon I ask
Than strength to do my task.
Along life's glorious path I plod,
To live and labour for my God.

And ever while I pray
Thy love illumines my way.
The end my vision reads
To which Thy Spirit leads.
By faith I see the joyful hour
When all shall own Thy love and power.

THE LOVE OF GOD

"God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John 4:16.

O LOVE, surpassing knowledge,
I want to know Thee more.
My eager heart is panting
Thy glorious heights to soar.
Thou who hast made my spirit,
And taught it to aspire,
Come now and dwell within me,
And feed its sacred fire.

With joy I read Thy message
From out the sacred page:
To Thee the saints bear witness
In every place and age.
Thou shinest in the teaching
That streams from Galilee:
And most I hear Thee speaking
In Jesus' agony.

I thank Thee for Thy tokens
That gild the written Word:
And, more, that still Thy glory
In living tones is heard.

THE LOVE OF GOD

But dwell, my Lord, within me,
And make my heart Thy rest;
So shall be kindled ever
Thy fervour in my breast.

Thy joyful Spirit shining
Each day within my heart,
All fear, and sin, and error,
And weakness shall depart.
O Love, my Lord, my Father,
Hear Thou my earnest prayer:
Teach me to know Thy fulness,
And in Thy nature share.

For so a living message
My heart and voice shall thrill,
To heal the broken-hearted,
And turn the sinful will:
My time and strength be given
In high and sweet employ,
Until, within the Homeland,
I share Thy rest and joy.

OUR REFUGE

THE eternal God is thy refuge,
And His everlasting arm
Will shelter thee from the deluge
Of trouble and sin and alarm.
The wind and the storm are His servants;
His providence shines in the light;
In loyal, unfailing observance
The stars keep His watch through the night.

The blossom that sweetens the garden,
And the tiniest flower of the field,
With their magic power to gladden,
And the stores of healing they yield,
Are all the work of our Father;
They sing of His love and care;
Then fear no longer, but rather
The joy of the household share.

O come and rest in His presence,
All ye that labour and roam;
And fear not as though ye were servants;
Ye are children within the home.

OUR REFUGE

Ye share in its toils and labours,
Bear the burden to each assigned;
Oh, come and share in its favours,
Nor lag as a servant behind.

Thy Father the bitterness knoweth
That dwells in thy heart each day.
Oh, lift up thy head while He showeth
The glory that shines on thy way.
For the Living God is thy helper,
And the strength of His mighty arm
Is the everlasting shelter
Where His children are safe from harm.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

If you think you've got a mission
Hearts to bless and souls to save,
Come and be a missionary;
Put your scruples in their grave.

Only don't be too conceited,
Think yourself a little god;
Lots of jobs you'll have to tackle
That you'll think are very odd.

This was written by a preacher
Sweeping up the church-house floor.
Oh, you can't convince the native
That the mission-man is poor.

No; he thinks you've lots of money,
And can pay a double price
For the little chores he does you.
Only one thing's cheap—advice.

SLUMBER-SONG OF THE STEAM-SHIP BABY

(To be sung to the time of the engine throb.)

SLEEP; sleep;
Rocked in the deep,
While the seagulls sweep,
And the fishes weep,
And the jelly-fish creep,
Sleep; sleep.

Doze; doze;
With your dainty toes
In sweet little rows;
And the tip of your nose
In soft repose,
Doze; doze.

Dream; dream;
Of a golden gleam
From a moonland beam,
That floats on a stream
Of sugar and cream.
Dream; dream.

SLUMBER-SONG OF THE STEAMSHIP BABY

Good-night;
Sleep till the light
Hastens its flight,
Cheery and bright,
Waking your sight.
Good-night.

THE WATER-BOY

Go and get your dinner, boy,
Go and get your dinner.
Run and put your trousers on,
Oh, you little sinner!

Don't stay paddling like a duck
In among the fishes.
Mother called you long ago
When she laid the dishes.

Put your shoes and stockings on,
Fast as you are able.
You will sing another tune
When you reach the table.

All the pudding will be gone;
All the meat and gravy.
Only bones be left for you,
Naughty little Davey.

SOLOMON: A LITTLE INDIAN BOY

SUCH a bright little pair of slanting eyes;
They are the eyes of Solomon.
A shining face so funny and wise;
And it belongs to Solomon.

With huddled form bending over the desk,
Learning to write is Solomon;
And his cramped little fingers strain at their task;
Dear little Siwash Solomon.

But the picture-book is his greatest joy;
See the sparkling eyes of Solomon
As he looks at the goose running after the boy;
It gives lots of fun to Solomon.

And monkeys and lions and elephants all
Are a great delight to Solomon.
Unspoilt is he, for no book at all
Is found in the home of Solomon.

SOLOMON: A LITTLE INDIAN BOY

"Come and play ah-bles, teacher," he cries;
Broken English speaks Solomon.
To hit my shot with vigour he tries,
For he loves to win, does Solomon.

And he loves to paddle a big canoe;
Lots of pluck has Solomon.
And a dip in the river pleases him too;
"It's fine," thinks nimble Solomon.

Dear little bright-eyed, sunny boy!
Dear little Siwash Solomon!
What can the future bring you of joy?
My heart aches for you, Solomon.

For the old black past, with its deathlike grip,
Maybe will get my Solomon.
The savage old ways, I fear, will trip
And downward cast little Solomon.

O God of love, how long shall it be
That dear little chaps like Solomon
Shall be dragged by dark customs away from me?
O God in heaven, save Solomon!

SHUSWAP'S SORROW

I'LL tell you a story I've often told
Of a quaint little man just six years old.
He lived in an Indian boarding-school
Where we tried to teach him the white man's rule.

One morning I went to the bedroom door
To help him dress, as often before.
But a mournful wailing came to me,
And I hastened to learn what the cause might be.

A sorrowful picture met my gaze ;—
A poor little woe-begone, tear-stained face ;
And he said, with many a sob and shake,
“ I fall'd out of bed a-fore I wake.”

To comfort the dear little chap I tried,
And soon the tears from his cheeks were dried ;
But with deepest reproach in his voice he said,
“ You didn't tuck me tight in me bed.”

COFFIN NAILS

WHAT is the blight
That chases the light,
And the gleam of joy
From the eye of a boy?
It's the cigarette.

Look at the figure!
Where is its vigour?
Why does he shuffle
And amble and scuffle?
See the cigarette.

Watch him at school,
Acting the fool.
Brain all bemuddled,
Lazy and fuddled
By the cigarette.

Who does the shirking
While others are working?
Who is the loafer?
The boy that's the smoker
Of the cigarette.

COFFIN NAILS

Eyes that are failing;—
Hearts that are ailing;—
Youths that are plucked;—
These are the product
Of the cigarette.

How can we stop it?
Get them to drop it?
Hear, Mr. Man,
There's only one plan:
Quit *your* cigarette.

THE VOICE OF THE TRAIN

This was written by the author to his wife when he had left her for a few weeks to visit a distant tribe of Indians. While he was travelling, the bogie, who lives down among the rolling wheels of the car, talked to him in the manner described below.

WHEN the train had left the station
And your form was lost to view,
I, for lack of occupation,
Sat and dozed, and dreamed of you.
Suddenly I heard a murmur
Coming from beneath the car,
Changing slowly—soft, now louder,
Like a muffled voice afar:
“ She’s a darling little woman,
She’s a darling little woman,
She’s a darling little woman,”
Said the voice beneath the car.

Soon we passed the level country,
And the car began to climb.
Still the strange voice seemed to haunt me,
Now in sharp staccato time;
With a deep and earnest accent
On the third and seventh tone,
As of one whose task was urgent,
Toiling sadly and alone:

THE VOICE OF THE TRAIN

“ Little woman—how I *love* you,
Little woman—how I *love* you,
Little woman—how I *love* you;”
This it said in straining tone.

But, when we had reached the summit,
Quite a change came o'er the voice.
Now a cheerfulness was in it,
As of one who could rejoice.
While it frolicked, danced, and capered,
Like a buffalo at play,
Still a message it repeated,—
This is what I heard it say:

“ Dearie, will *you*—come along *too*?
Dearie, will *you*—come along *too*?
Dearie, will *you*—come along *too*? ”
How I wished you could obey.

Coming near my destination,
As I heard the switches clang,
Lo! the speaker's exultation
Changed the murmur to a twang.
And the message that I gathered,
As we swung from side to side,
Seemed to be that I was ordered
Soon to take my homeward ride:
“ Time to go *back*—over the *track*,
Time to go *back*—over the *track*,
Time to go *back*—over the *track*. ”
“ True is that,” my heart replied.

THE AUTO-FIEND

ISN'T it glorious? Simply grand!
Here we go scampering over the land.
Bicycles, horses, clear out of the way!
Honk! you pedestrians! Honk it! I say.

Look at that farmer! What's wrong with his horse?
He or the creature is crazy, of course.
Puppies and chickens, old women and brats,—
Send them all flying! And death to the cats!

See yonder cyclist. With terror she grips
Hard at the handles, and wobbles and slips.
If you've an eye for expressions grotesque
Ride in an auto. It's most picturesque.

We are the people. Five thousand we've paid
For the right to make horses and women afraid.
So away we go speeding, adventures to find,
And leave all the fear-stricken mortals behind.

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL

SAY, what is the meaning of all these tricks,—
A serpent, a coffin, a bundle of sticks;
A wounded traveller gagged and bound,
By a strange-looking man of the Orient found;
A youth who is gathering stones from a brook;
And a chain of three links wherever I look?

What is the heart in the open hand?
For what do the skull and the crossbones stand?
The globe and the axe, the quiver and bow,
The scythe and the hour-glass—what may they show?
And the magic letters F. L. T.
Which are carved or written on all I see?

Who sits in the mighty, curtained chair?
And what means this strange, mysterious air?
That open eye with its darting gleams—
What is the magic t ines in its beams?
But for the Bible that stands in the centre
I'd shudder with awe, and fear to enter.

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL

Oh, these are the symbols to Odd-fellows known ;
By these pictures and signs are their sentiments shown.
Begin, if you will, with the bundle of sticks :
The bundle is strong, but the single stick breaks ;
And a lot of good fellows holding together
Can cheerfully pull through the stormiest weather.

The open hand with the naked heart
Belongs to each brother who does his part.
With warmth sincere the stranger he greets ;
And is ready to help when distress he meets.
For he lives in the gleam of the All-seeing eye
Of the God who, with justice, our conduct shall try.

The coffin reminds us of death and the tomb :
As brothers we labour to soften their gloom.
When an Odd-fellow dies he is decently buried,
And we help the widow of him who was married.
We care for his grave from year to year ;
And see that his children get Christmas cheer.

The lad with the stones is David, and he
With Jonathan shows us what FRIENDSHIP should be.
The Samaritan teaches a LOVE broad and kind
That reaches beyond the conventional mind.
While the Bible stands there as the symbol of TRUTH—
The guide of the nations in age and in youth.

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL

Now you know the meaning of F. L. T.,
That is graven on most of the things you see.
And of these the three links are a visible token
By which we are known though no word is spoken.
And they call us the chain-gang because we wear
The badge of our fellowship everywhere.

And so with every symbol and sign;
In picture and token our principles shine.
We are bound to defend the rights of a brother;
To speak no evil of one another.
And ever we hold that a friend in need
Is, above all others, a friend indeed.

So here's to the men of the friendly chain.
Through the world may our brothers its honour main-
tain.
May every Odd-fellow a good-fellow be;
And every good-fellow a brother we'd see.
For we build on the Rock that shall ever endure,
While man's od is noble, warm-hearted, and pure.

NOTE.—Published with the approval of the Grand Master
and Grand Secretary of the Independent Order of Odd-
fellows, British Columbia.

THE MINISTER'S WELCOME

"Root, hog, or die,"
Said the man to the grunting creature.
And this was the sage advice
That welcomed a Methodist preacher.

He had newly come from England
For mission work in the West,
With his heart on fire for service;—
Determined to give his best.

His circuit lay in the Rockies,
Up in the Crow's Nest pass;
Where the coal lies hid in the mountains,
'Neath the sombre evergreen mass.

As the train drew into the station
A collier stepped to his side,
And said, with a hearty handshake,
As he offered to be his guide,

THE MINISTER'S WELCOME

" You've come to a desperate country,
As you'll find out by-and-bye;
The best advice I can give you
Is '*Root, hog, or die.*' "

This broad, but well-meant, humour
Made the man's heart leap in his breast:
For the genuine Methodist preacher
Likes the hardest mission the best.

This was actually the greeting given to a missionary friend of the author's, when he arrived at his first field in the Rockies.

WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

IN hygone, dim, primeval days,
When knives were made of flint;
And men were smeared, in strangest ways,
With paint of varied tint:

Axes and hammers made of stone,
And boats of hollowed trees;
Daggers and fish-hooks carved from bone,
The hunter's taste to please:

Your house would then have been a hole
Dug in the mountain-side;
For men and women, like the mole,
Were free from modern pride.

No King or President had they
To rule them in their cave;
The duty with the father lay
To make the boys behave.

And when the youngsters, big and raw,
Spread out to other caves,
The father's word was still the law
Among his hairy braves.

WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

Now, when his tribe grew strong and tall,
They robbed their weaker neighbours;
Nor thought it wrong to capture all
The product of their labours.

But when the weaker tribes at length
Were moved to desperation,
They said they would unite their strength,
And so they formed a nation.

This plan was copied far and wide
For mutual self-defence;
But soon the stronger nations tried
A fighting game immense.

The village brawl and tribal fight
Gave place to deeds of war;
Their armies, holding might was right,
Rejoiced in battle gore.

For war the mother bred her boy;
For war men trained their youth;
To die in battle was their joy;
Courage was more than truth.

And many heroic deeds were done
By mighty men of yore;
And many a glorious victory won
As told in ancient lore.

WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

And much was gained they never sought,
For warfare was the school
In which the God of Battles taught
The nations how to rule.

The nation that would win in fight
Must guard and train its lads;
And they did best who could unite,
And lay aside their fads.

So hard experience made them wise,
And discipline was learned;
Leaders were honoured ; their eyes,
And craven hearts were spurned.

And not alone these virtues flame
In every warlike nation;
But letters gained from deeds of fame
Their highest inspiration.

The poet's song and writer's pen
Discoursed in words of fire
The noble deeds of noble men,
To stir the high desire.

Their glowing records live and burn
With undiminished light;
And in their story we may learn
To nerve our hearts for fight.

WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

But is the warrior-spirit fled
That fired the hero bold?
Do we admire the mighty dead
While our own hearts are cold?

No! No! We seek not fields of gore
Where we may rise to fame.
We've learnt to hate the battle-roar,
Its curse of steel and flame.

No more we glory in the fight;
We scorn the lust for blood.
No more we hold that might is right,
And murder blessed by God.

But now we hear a battle-cry
That calls to bravest action,
Where every warrior-soul may try
To aid the nobler faction.

Not men we fight, but foes of men;
The ancient wrongs intrenched;
The loathsome sins that haunt the den
Where manhood's fire is quenched.

The greed that fattens on the sweat
And blood of toiling mothers;
Or spreads with horrid craft a net
To catch the weaker brothers.

WAR, PAST AND PRESENT

Evils that blight the strength of youth
And make its promise vain:
The fiends that quench the light of truth
With falsehood's ghastly train.

Is there a soul that seeks renown
Surpassing ancient story?
Let him arise and strike these down,
And win the greater glory.

